

Film Cliché by Krowshi

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Summary:

Senior year, a quarry, and a promise for the future.

Film Cliché

Author's Note:

Yo hey, here I am back at it again with putting out Byeler fanfics like hot cakes because I can't stop writing them. I just love these boys so much and they deserve happiness.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy! Catch me over on my [Twitter](#) and [Tumblr](#)

The end of high school, the very end, was always the craziest year to go through in any public school circumstance. That much stood to be universal knowledge across several generations. So when the evident divide began to form between the members of the party, it did not come as a surprise, rather it was expected so there weren't many complaints regarding it. They all understood that throwing away your social life for work and school is what had to be done in the grand scheme of things.

However, Mike and Will were a different case as an individual pair. Any free time that was available, it was just the two of them. Even if they had projects or studying to do, they spent time together in the same room, working on whatever, in a comfortable silence. Occasionally, Jane would be there, but that was because she lived with Will now and they were honestly the closest set of step siblings you would ever see considering their shared experiences. That wasn't all there was to it though, it was like Jane came totally unglued when it came to Will and it warmed Mike's heart that they've fallen so quickly into a domestic sibling relationship. Will would introduce music to Jane, do some art pieces for her, teach her new things and they would even clean and dance in the living room together like they were having the biggest party of their lives.

It was good for Will now that Jonathan was caught up in the New York scene for college. He needed that sort of sibling bond and Jane was just the right person for it.

Plus she was so unbiased. When Will came to the point of finally coming out as gay, she took it in so easily like that should have been

just a fact of the world. She saw nothing wrong of Will while he thought everything was wrong and she would probably break someone's bones if they ever talked down to him.

After all, she's been there for Will before she really even knew who he was. It was a strange sort of connection they have formed in the eyes of most.

Mike and Will's current outing though was different than their usual, no Jane was to be accounted for and they weren't found to be at either of each other's houses or tucked away in a corner at a library or coffee shop. Instead, they sat comfortably against the hood of Mike's car, staring out over the water of the quarry while switching off on a can of beer for the heck of it. Normally, Mike would feel cold anxiety from being here, recalling the events that transpired here, but it was different when the sun shined above and Will fidgeted next to him well and alive. It was comforting.

"Ugh, this stuff is starting to get warm, Mike. You can just have the rest if you want," Will uttered, holding the beer can out while smacking his lips in a sort of disgusted manner. Mike chuckled quietly before taking the can from his friend's hands and settled it on the ground between them because frankly, he didn't want warm beer, either.

Flashing a smile at Mike at his action, the shorter boy found himself reaching up to brush his own bangs to the side to rid the strands from his field of vision. Over the years, Will had abandoned his bowl cut in favor of something slightly shorter, something that made him resemble Jonathan more, but still framed his face in his own unique Will Byers way. It was cute. His fashion sense hadn't changed much, but he did opt for a more casual, open flannel look as opposed to his tucked in button up.

Mike on the other hand was all of the picture image of some indie garage band kid who was entering the 90's. Long wild, curly locks of black fell in boyish wisps around his freckled face as he towered at 6 feet and some odd inches of long lean limbs, significantly taller than his smaller friend who barely made it to 5'5". He grew out of wearing sweaters though and would instead be found in a range of baggy t-shirts, flannels, and jackets, topping it all off with the occasional

beanie. Clearly, once he was given free reign on his appearance, he really took it.

And there was nothing wrong with that, Will could say that he loved this Mike just as much as he loved the Mike who's shorter hair fell in a clean sweep across his forehead and wore dad-like sweaters all the time. It was still Mike through and through and well... He loved Mike. Like *LOVED* him. Beyond what friendship had to offer and he almost hated himself for falling for his best and longest friend. The very one he wasn't even sure would reciprocate his feelings.

Either way, loving Mike came as easy as breathing to Will. Once he had made the revelation that he loved Mike, he wasn't even surprised. It was a feeling that had always been there, strong and nestled into his heart like an old friend. And funny thing is, that is basically what it was, his old friend had taken his place in his heart on the throne.

Little to his knowledge was that his feelings were reciprocated. Years ago, during the Upside down incident, Mike slowly began to realize after the gate had shut and him and Jane had gone through their puppy love phase, that his heart really stood with Will. He was slightly scared of the realization, but once Will had come out to them, he couldn't try to deny himself anymore, he adored everything that was Will.

So, the reasoning behind this outing - it had been Mike's idea - was for Mike to work up the courage to confess to Will, confess to him before time could pass them anymore and it would be the end of their senior year.

"Will, I have something to confess." There it was, no turning back now. He had to push forward even when Will's eyes bore into him almost overwhelming worry and curiosity. "There was a reason why I asked for us to come out here today, it wasn't just for the hell of it, far from it frankly..." Mike took a pause before getting the rest out. At this point he had turned himself fully towards Will, giving himself more of a view of the other boys face who had become unreadable at this point. "For a while now, I've... Had these feelings. Really strong feelings that I had feared at first. They were new and I felt like having them would get me in trouble with the world. But recently, I

just let myself go, I knew I couldn't deny them anymore, who cares whatever the fuck everyone else thinks,"

"So, despite my uncertainties with where I'm gonna go next whether it be writing stories for others to read or writing stories through music or... I don't know, a boring office job, I've never been more certain over the fact that wherever I end up going, it's going to be chasing after you,"

"What I'm saying here, William Byers, is that I love you so god damn much. I would follow you to the ends of the earth just to be by your side, I think about it so much now, about how we've been around each other for over half our lives now that if we stopped now, seperated, I think it would actually kill me. So if you'll have me and my love, I'll follow you wherever you go."

By the end of that long winded confession, Mike's face was dusted with a bright shade of red, his freckles standing out more against his skin. Will on the other hand looked at Mike with wide eyes and what appeared to be the beginning of tears in them. At some point in his staring, his mouth began to open and close as choked up noises evaded him.

"S-sounds like a proposal, Wheeler," Will finally managed to get out as a lone tear finally slipped out. Mike wanted so bad to reach forward and wipe it away. *Not yet, Mike.* He told himself. *Not until you are sure.*

"May as well be. I've got no ring, but I'm sure one would look nice on your pretty fingers. I'll get you one if you want," Mike said, pushing his luck further in hopes that this was a positive reaction from his beloved.

Suddenly, Will was uttering an 'oh my god, I'm not dreaming!' and more tears were flowing from his eyes. Mike smiled fondly and came in closer to the shorter boy, tentavilly slotting his fingers against Will's cheeks to test the waters before he rubbed away at his tears with his thumbs. Will seemed to have melted at the touch, finally moving forward and wrapping himself around Mike. The taller of the two simply nestled his face into Will's hair and kissed the top of his head.

“You have no idea how much I needed to hear those words, Mikey. Be-because...” Will had to catch his breath before he dared to look up at Mike. “I loved you so much for so long, you are everything to me, my sun, my stars, my moon... I wouldn’t be able to put into words how much I love you.”

And that was all it took, Mike surged forward and pressed his lips firmly against Will, sealing an unspoken promise between the two of them. Will let out a quiet gasp in the very little space between their lips and pressed back reciprocating all of what Mike had to offer.

Eventually, they pulled apart, staring at each other in an awestruck fashion before laughing warmly. The shorter boy smiled into Mike’s shoulder and Mike held him to himself warmly.

“We’re so fucking cliché,” Mike said in an amused manner. “Childhood sweethearts... Like in the movies... Loving each other till the ends of the earth, creative power couple of an artist and a writer... What next?”

“You take me to Paris on our honeymoon,” Will uttered. Mike laughed full heartedly, lightly squeezing Will in their embrace.

“That’ll be a while, but yeah. If you really wanted, we could,” Mike whispered like they were going to disrupt a sleeping child. Will smiled softly at that and nuzzled his face against Mike’s neck, making his home there, feeling safe and secure in his Paladin’s hold.

It seemed like they did not feel the need to share anymore words in the moment, life feeling absolutely perfect with them against each other like the missing puzzle pieces they were looking for all along. Senior year be damned, life saw a future for them both as one unit till the very end.